Rome April 12th 1874

My dear Tom

Theres some very interesting matter about Egypt which I hasten to send you – My son Walter with his wife wrote me in Jan.y last that on account of his illness they were going at once to Egypt & that there was no time for me to write an answer, but they would pay me a visit at Rome on their return

They came on the 28.th ult & I was most agreably surprised that at Gran Cairo they met Emma & Mr Anderson by accident for as I said there was not time for me to write & tell ~~them~~ my Son that his cousins were at Cairo; so perhaps the meeting has been more more charming for my children expecting themselves as quite enchanted

It seems there was a want of Organist at Cairo at the moment & my daughter in law Mary volunteered her services – Emma hearing that Mrs Severn had been performing, soon

had the happiness to find that it was her own
cousin & they immediately made a happy quartette
& Anderson took the party up the Nile to his
Villa where he is cultivating the sugar cane
& where he has numerous Camels

Thus my Son was enabled to pitch most lustily
into his drawing & also well into health for he
bestows no end of praise on the kind efforts of
Anderson & Emma — Mind, my Son had not an
idea of meeting such friends & relations at this
distance & the surprise must have done him
much good, indeed I enjoy'd him

My children having staid with me 12 days
left on Wed^y last the 8^th — my good friends the
Doctor & his ladies enabled me to receive them
warmly & so there was great rejoicing — they
had for the time all the best part of the Doctors
house & the grub was also at the best — Both
Walter & his wife were still but so so & I was
anxious that my excellent Doctor should render

render his admirable services

My son has brought home a wonderful trunk
out of large Drawings of people & animals all
which he owes to the aid of Lindenson & tis not
a little striking to hear him relate the wonders
of Egypt - Its climate, its people, its food & all
the novelty of every thing of this marvellous place
without rain - of the great fertility of the
abundance, really I am quite carried off my
feet by the accounts & am longing to enjoy these
things, but alas! I am a bad traveller & fear
I am now at my journey's end as to distances

I wrote you about a month since so I
little or nothing new to tell you of Rome, save
that I am having an ugly April, cold & raw
& no end of rain, so I am almost shall us
& should die of it, but my painting keeps me
alive & I am doing a Madonna for the
Porta Church & the good people consider my
cure a miracle at my great age, for I am